

THE
MERRY WIVES
OF WINDSOR.

With the Humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe
As also the swaggering vaine of Ancient
Pistol, and Corporall Nym.

Written by William Shake-Speare.

Newly corrected.



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1630.

S^r John fallstaff
Justice Shallow
S^r Hugh Evans a whole man
M^r Page
Abra Roder
John Rugby
Gentle
J^r Cairn
M^r Ford
Bardolph
Nym
Pistol
Simple Roder's man
Robin
Host

M^r Leigh
M^r Frederick
M^r Bagget
M^r Bollerton
M^r Bonan
M^r Smaton
M^r Powdr
M^r Haggard
M^r Hugdon
M^r Bright
M^r Alexander
M^r Froman bar
M^r Proctor
M^r Haines
M^r Munton

M^{rs} Page
M^{rs} Quickly
M^{rs} Ford
M^{rs} Anne Page

M^{rs} Cory
M^{rs} Barry
M^{rs} Leigh
M^{rs} Bragg

THE
MERRY VVIVES
OF VVINSOR.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page,
Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse
Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.*

Shallow.



*Sir Hugh, perswade mee not: I will make a
Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty
Sir Iohn Falstoffs, hee shall not abuse Robert
Shallow Esquire.*

*Slender. In the Countie of Gloucester, Iustice
of Peace and Coram.*

Shallow. I (Cosen Slender) and Custalorum.

*Slender. I, and Rotulorum too; and a Gentleman borne
(Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armigero, in any
Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armigero.*

*Shallow. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
hundred yeeres.*

*Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't;
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they
may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.*

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Shal.

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Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish is an old Coate.

Sten. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Sten. Mistris *Anne Page*? shee has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the world, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneies, and Gold, & Silver, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuentene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our prabbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Sten. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pounds?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Sten. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Euans.

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Euen. Seuen hundred pounds, & possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Master Page is *Falstaffe* there?

Euen. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Master Page. What hoa? Got-please your house heere.

Master Page. Who's there?

Euen. Here is go't's pleffing and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*, & heere young Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Master Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killed: how doth good Miltresse Page? and I thanke you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir,

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That hee will not, 'tis your fault: 'tis your faule: 'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more said? he is good and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* heere?

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office betweene you.

Euen. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me Master Page.)

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: belecue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith hee is wronged:

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Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir Iohn.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir Iohn) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheefe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor!

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, *Cosen*?

Eu. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand, that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*,) and there is my selfe, (fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter.

Ma. Pa. We three to heare it, and end it between them:

Eu. Ferry good, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we will afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He heares with cares.

Eu. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? hee heares with care? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you picke *M. Slenders* purse?

Slen.

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Sten. I, by these gloues did he, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward Shouelboords*, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: *Sir Iohn*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy labras here; word of deniall; froth, and scum thou liest.

Sten. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Sten. By this hat, then, hee in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fine sentences.

En. It is his fine sences: sic, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being sap, sir, was (as they say) casheerd: and so conclusions past the Car-cires.

Sten. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; He nere be drunke whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for thistricke: if I be drunke, He bee drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got iudge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Ma. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, we'll drinke within.

Sten. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse *Anne Page*.

Master Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met: by your leaue good Mistris.

Master

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Master Page. Wife bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come Goz, come Coz, wee stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable, if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me:

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue care to his motions; (*Master Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it the very point of it; to *Miss Anne Page*.

Slen. Why if it be so, I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the o' man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely can you carry your good will to the maide?

Shal. Cosen *Abrabam Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will doe as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Euan. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable,

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possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must.

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cosen) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue mee, conceiue mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz): can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there be no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another; I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content; but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely.

Euan. It is a fery discretion-answer; saue the fall is in the ord, dissolutely; the ord is (according to our meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I. I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Slen. For else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris Anne; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris Anne.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris Anne).

Euan. Od's plessed-will, I will not be absente at the grace.

An. Will't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thanke you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you Sir.

Sl. I am not a hungry, I thanke you, forsooth; goe Sirha, for all you are my man, goe waite vpon my Cosen Shallow; a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I liue like a a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slender.

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Slen. Ifaith, ile eate nothing, I thanke you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you Sir walke in.

Slen. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneyes for a dish of flew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell at it, as any man in England, you are afraid if you see the Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Slen. That's meate and drinke to me now; I haue seene Sackerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine, but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride and shrekt at it, that it past. But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle M. Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma. Pa. Come on Sir.

Slen. Miltris Anne: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

[*Slen.* Truly I will not goe first, truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Slen. Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome, you do your selfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Euans. Go your wayes, and aske of Doctor Caius house, which

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which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer;
Si. Well Sir.

Euan. Nay, it is petter yet; giue her this letter; for t is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires, to Mistress *Anne Page*. I pray you bee gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheese to come.

Exeunt:

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistol, Page.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cesar, Keiser and Phazar) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*; he shall draw; he shall tap; said I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine Host.)

Ho. I haue spoke, let him follow, let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him; a Tapster is a good trade, an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkin, a wither'd Seruingman, a fresh Tapster; goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desired, I will thrive.

Pist. O base hungarian wight, wilt thou the spigot wield:
Ni. He was gotten in drinke, is not the humor conceited

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox, his Thefts were too open, his filching was like an vnskillfull Singer, he kept not time.

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Nym:

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Nis. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wife it call: Steale it for: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift,

Pist. Yong Ravens must haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistol*, (Indeede I am in the wass two yards about; but I am now about no wasse: I am about thrift) briefly; I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife; I spie entertainment in her, shee discourses, shee craues, she giues the leere of inuitation; I can construe the action of her familiar stile, and the hardest voice of her behavior (to be english'd rightly) is *I am Sir Iohn Falstaff*.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will out of honesty, into English.

Nis. The Anchor is deepe; will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse; he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many diuels entertaine, and to her Boy say I.

Nis. The humor rises it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue me good eyes too; examined my parts with most iudicious illiads; sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Nis. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O shee did so course ore my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch mee vp like a burning-glasse; here's another letter to her; She beates the Purse too; Shee is a Region in *Gallia*; all gold, and bounities; I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee; they shall

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shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both; Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris Page; and thou this to Mistris Ford; wee will thriue (Lads) wee will thriue.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no base humor; here take the humor-Letter;
I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters rightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.

Rogues, hence, au aunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hooft: seeke shelter, packe,

Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,

French thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted Page.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts, for gourd, and Fullam
holds, and high and low beguiles the rich and poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue operations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I;

I will discusse the humour of this Loue to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke vnfold

How *Falstaffe* (varlet vile)

His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Ni. My humor shall not coole; I will incense Ford,
to deale with poyson; I will possesse him with yallow-
nesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous; that is my
true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of Malecontents, I second
thee; troope on.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor
Cains, Fenton.

Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Casement,
and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Cains* com-
ming; if he do (I'faith) and finde any body in the house;
here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings
English.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll have a posset for't soone at night, (in
faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing,
kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: & I
warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault
is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something pecuish that
way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter*
Simple, you say your name is?

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender's* your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qui. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a
Glouers paring-knife?

Si. No forsooth, he hath but a little wee-face; with a little
yellow Beard, a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth, but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any
is betweene this and his head; hee hath fought with a
Warrener.

Qu. How say you; oh, I should remember him, do's hee
not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qui. Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune;
Tell Master Parson, *ENANS*, I will doe what I can for your
Master; *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish——

Ru. Out alas, here comes my Master.

Qu. Wee shall all be shent; Run in here, good young
man;

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man, goe into this Closset: hee will not stay long? what *John Rugby*? *John*; what *John* I say? goe *John*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt hee be not well, that hee comes not home, (and downe, downe, downe'a, &c.

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes, pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteene verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box; do intend vat I speake? greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if hee had found the yong man he would haue beene horne-mad.

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ebando, le man voi a le Courte la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, do-peeck quickly:*
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *lacke Rugby*; Come, take your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my troth, I tarry too long, od's-me: *que ay is onblis* dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, and be mad:

Ca. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closset?
Villaine, La-roone; *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset, here is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke; heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from *Parson Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca.

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Ca. Peace-a-your tongue : speake-a-your Tale:

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire, and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* send-a you? *Rugby*, ballow me some paper: tarry you a littell-a while.

Qu. I am glad hee is so quiet: if hee had bin thoroughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly; but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is that French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meate and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a nis'do' that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and downe late; but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your care, I would haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caues. You, Iack 'Nape; glue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will reach a scurvy Iack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make: ——— you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas, he speakes but for his friend.

Caues. It is no matter a ver dat; do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iacke Priest; and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarterer to measure our weapon, by gar, I will my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well; Wee must giue folkes leaue to prate; what the good ier.

Caues.

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Cains. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my doore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne; No, I know *An*s mind for that; neuer a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *An*s minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue; but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you; haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company, but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allichol and musing; but for you—well—goe too—

Fen. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's money for thee. Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe; if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will; And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship; truly an honest
C Gentleman

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Gentleman: but *Anne* loves him not, for I know *Anne* minde as well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue I escap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect for them? let me see.

Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Reason for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsaillour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatheie: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatheie: you loue sacke, and so doe I: would you desire better simpatheie? Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:

Or any kinde of light, with all his might,

For thee to fight, John Faufstasse.

What a Herod of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that hee dares In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company, what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be: as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mis. Ford. *Mistris Page,* trust me, I was going to your house.

Mis.

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Mis. Page. And trust me, I was going to you: you looke very ill.

Mis. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleue that; I haue to shew to the contrary.

Mis. Page. Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis. Fords. Well: I doe then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary; O *Mistress Page*, giue mee some counsaile.

Mis. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mis. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mis. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour; what is it? dispencc with trifles; what is it?

Mis. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so; I could be knighted.

Mis. Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mis. Ford. Wee burne day-light; heere, read, read; perceiue how I might be knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men; as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet hee would not sweare: praise womens modesty; and gaue such orderly and welbehaued reproofe to all vncomelineffe, that I would haue sworn his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keepe place together, then the hundred Psalmes to the tune of Greeneleeues: Whattempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne grease. Did you euer heare the like?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs, to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant hee hath a thousand of these Letters, writ

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with blanke space for different names (sure more) & these are of the second edition; he wil print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the presse, when he would put vs two; I had rather be a Giantesse & lye vnder Mount Pelion. Well; I will finde you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis. Ford. Why this is the very same; the very hand, the very words, what doth he thinke of vs?

Mis. Page. Nay I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty; He entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall, for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

Mis. Ford. Boarding, call you it? He be sure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mis. Page. So will I, if hee come vnder my hatches, He neuer to Sea againe. Let's be reueng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, giue him a show of comfort in his Suite, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mis. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinelle of our honesty; oh that my husband saw this Letter; it would giue eternall food to his iealousie.

Mis. Page. Why looke where he comes; and my good man too; hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis. Page. Let's consule together against this greasie Knight; Come hither.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires; Sir Iohn affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poore, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally.

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Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pistol. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Alecon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell.

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds doe sing.
Away sir Corporall *Nim*.

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

Ford. I will be patient; I will finde out this:

Nim. And this is true; I like not the humor of lying, hee
haue wronged mee in some humors; I should haue borne
the humour'd Letter to her, but I haue a sword, and
it shall bite vpon my necessitie, he loues your wife; There's
the short and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*, I speak,
and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*, and *Falstaffe* loues
your wife, adieu, I loue not the humour of bread & cheefe:
adiou.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a) heere's a fellow frights
English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seeke out *Falstaffe*:

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue?

Ford. If I doe finde it: well:

Page. I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the Priest
o'th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow, well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mis. Page. Whither goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Mis. Ford. How now (*sweet Frank*) why art thou me-
lancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home, goe.

Mis. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now, will you goe, *Mistress Page*?

Mis. Page. Haue with you, you'll come to dinner *George*?
Lookewho comes yonder; shee shall bee our Messenger

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to this paltrie Knight:

Mis. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her; shee'll fit it.

M. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Miltresse *Anne*?

Mis. Page. Go in with vs and see, wee haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master *Ford*?

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men, very rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that, Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him, and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turne them together, a man may bee too confident, I would haue nothing lye on my head, I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke, thou'rt a Gentleman, Cauceiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow, Good-even, and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, will you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Cauceiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shal.

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Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Huge* the Welch Priest, and *Cains* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and (I thinke) appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue me) I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-
Caualcire?

Ford. None, I protest, but ile giue you a pottle of burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*, onely for a iest.

Host. My hand, (Bully,) thou shalt haue egress and regress, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It is a merry Knight, will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Host.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut Sir, I could haue told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master *Page*,) 'tis heere, 'tis heere, I haue seene the time, with my long-sword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere, shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you, I had rather heare them scold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wines frailty: yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily, shee was in his company at *Pages* house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*, if I finde her honest, I loose not my labour, if shee be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scena

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny, I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne; I haue granted vpon my good friends for three Repreuees for, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*, or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Babboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason; thinkst thou I endanger my soule, gratis? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Picket-hatch*; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your honour: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honour precise; I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phrases, & your boldbeating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Glue your worship good morrow.

Fal.

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Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good, maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworne,

As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe belceue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistresse Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies; I my selfe dwell with Master Doctor Cains.

Fal. Well, on; Mistris Ford, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true; I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares; mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Mistresse Ford, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good creature; Lord, Lord your Worship's a wanton: well, heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray—

Fal. Mistresse Ford, come, Mistresse Ford.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it; you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull; the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at Windsor) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant tearmes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I desie all Angels in any

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any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as lippe on a cup with the proudest of them all, and yet there has beene Earles; nay, (which is more) Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what saies shee to mee? bee brieft my good shee-*Mercuris.*

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and shee giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betwene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of; Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; hee's a very ielousie-man; shee leades a vere framepold life with him, (good heart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to; and let me tell you in your eare, shee's as tartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other: and shee bade mee tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but shee hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has *Ford*s wife, and *Page*s wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iell indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistis *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all loues; her husband has a maruellous infection to the little *Page*; and

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and truly Master Page is an honest man; neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's; do what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when shee list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, shee is one; you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both; and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer heede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes; old folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both, there's my purse, I am yet thy debter; Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap no more sailes, pursue vp with your fights:
Giue fire; she is my prize, or Ocean whelme all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Iacke*) goe thy waies Ile make more of thy old body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee; let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to me, that that ore'flowes such liquor; ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mistresse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

Ford. Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir; would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

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Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue
Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my
name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance
of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge
you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in
better plight for a Lender, then you are; the which hath
something emboldned mee to this vnseason'd intrusion:
for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye
open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles
me; if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe
for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your
Porter.

Ford. I will tell you Sir, if you will giue mee the hea-
ring.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be
your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler; (I will be brieue
with you) and you haue beene a man long knowne to me,
though I had neuer so good meanes as desire, to make my
selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you,
wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfecti-
on: but (good Sir *John*) as you haue one eye vpon my
follics, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the
Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the
easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an
offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed:

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her hus-
bands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, be-
stowed much on her, followed her with a doating ob-
seruance;

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seruance; Ingross'd opportunities to meete her, free'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her, not onely brought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what she would haue giuen briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursud mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions; but whatsoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Jewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

*" Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
" Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."*

Fal. Haue you receiue'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualirie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a faire house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

Ford. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though shee appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth hir mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: vse your Art of wooing

wooning; win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift; she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me; what say you too't, Sir *John*.

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money, next, giue me your hand; and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.]

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none; I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me; I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen, for at that time the iealous-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth; come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance; do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore; They say the iealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauourd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffe, & ther's my haruest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanically-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall

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shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile: thou (*Master Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made; would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a faire woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abominable termes, and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Anaimon* sounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbasen*, wel; yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not bee iealous; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, *Person Hugh* the *Welshman* with my Cheese, an *Irish man* with my Aqua-vitæ bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then shee plots, then shee ruminates, then shee deuises; and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, beter three houres too soone, then a mynute too late; sic, sic, sic: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exite

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rugby.

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Rug. Sir. *What is the clocke, Jacke?* I will hang like a Meeke lamb like a Meeke lamb.

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has fauch his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat hee is no-come, by gar (*Jacke Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wise Sir; hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him, take your Rapier, (*Jacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare, heer's company.

Host. Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. Saue you Master Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Master Doctor.

Shal. Giue you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee soigne, to see thee traaverse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncke, thy stocke, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is hee dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciscus? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Gallen*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward Jacke Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king Vrinall; *Hector* of Greece (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that mee haue slay, fixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (Master Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you haue your selfe becha a great fighter,

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great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins *M. Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one; though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (*Master Page*) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (*Master Page*.)

Page 'Tis true, *Mrster Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, (*M. Page*) *M. Doctor Caius*, I am come to fetch you home, I am sworn of the peace, you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physicien, and *Sir Hugh* hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Churchman; you must goe with me, *M. Doctor*.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Iustice; a Mounseur Mockewater.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (*Bully*.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman; scuruy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill his cares.

Host. He will Clapper claw thee tightly (*Bully*.)

Cai. Clapper de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me doe looke he shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag:

Cai. Me ranck you for dat.

Host. And moreouer, (*Bully*) but first, *Master Ghuest*, and *M. Page*, and ecke *Caualeiro Slender*, goe you through the Towneto *Frogmore*.

Page. *Sir Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor hee is in, and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields; will it doe well?

Shal. Wee will doe it.

All. Adieu, good *Master Doctor*.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; sheath thy impatience, throw cold

E

water

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water on thy Choller; goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where *Missis Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting; and thou shalt wooe her, *Cridegame*, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, me danck you vor dat, by gar I loue you, and I shall procure a you de good Guest; de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward *Anne Page*, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good, vell said.

Host. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* seruingman and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Simp. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward, euery way, olde *Windsor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euans. I most sechemently desire you, you will looke that way.

Simp. I will sir.

Euans. Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am and trempling of minde; I shall be glad if hee haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am! I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule. To *Shallow* *Riners* to whose falls; melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will wee make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To *Shallow*: Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry: Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in *Pabylon*:

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bilon : and a thousand vagrants Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way *Sir Hugh.*

Euan. Hee's welcome : *To shallow Rivers, in whose fairs :*
Heauen prosper the right : what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir ; there comes my master, Master
Shallow, and another Gentleman ; from *Frogmore* ; ouer the
stile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue me my gowne, or else keepe it in
your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson ? good morrow good
Sir Hugh, keepe a Gamster from the dice, and a good
Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sten. Ah sweet *Anne Page.*

Page. Saue you, good *Sir Hugh.*

Euan. Please you from his mercy-lake, all of you.

Shal. What ? the Sword, and the Word ?

Doe you study them both Master Parson ?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this
raw-rumaticke day ?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it ?

Page. Wee are come to you, to doe a good office, Master
Parson.

Euan. Fery-well, what is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman ; who
(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at
most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer
you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward ; I neuer
heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of
his owne respect.

Euan. What is he ?

Page. I thinke you know him ; Master Doctor *Cains* the
renowned French Physician.

Euan. Got's will, and his passion of my heart, I had as
liefe you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why ?

Euan. Hee has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and
Galen, and hee is a knaue besides : a cowardly knaue, as

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you would desires to acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slon. O sweet *Anne Page.*

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons; keepe them a sunder, here comes Doctor *Caius.*

Page. Nay good Master Parson, keepe your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarme them, and let them question; let them keepe their limbs whole, and hacke out English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your care; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Enan. I Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Caius. By-gar, you are de Goward: de lacke dog: Iohn Ape.

Enan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Vrnal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diable; Iack Rugby: mine *Host de Iarteer*; haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Enan. As I am a Christians soule, now looke you; this is the place appointed, ile be iudgement by mine *Host of the Garter.*

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia and Gaule, French and Welch, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.*

Cai. I, dat is very good; excellant.

Host. Peace, I say, heare mine *Host of the Garter,*

Am I politicke? Am I subtile? Am I a Machiuell?

Shall I loose my Doctor? No, he giues me the Potions and

the Morions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir

Hugh? No, hee giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs.

Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so; Boyes of Art, I haue

deceiu'd you both; I haue directed you to wrong places;

your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let

burn'd Sacke be the illue; Come, lay their swordsto pawne;

Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal.

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Shal. Trust me, a mad Host : follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slender. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de. sot of vs, ha, ha?

Euan. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog : I desire you that we may be friends, and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall scurny-cogging-companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart, he promise to bring mee where is *Anne Page*, by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles ; pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host,

Euan, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth, goe before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

Mis. Page. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a *Ford*. Well met mistris *Page*, whether go you.

Mis. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of companie; I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mis. Page. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

Mist. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what doe you cal your Knights name

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*. (Sirrah?

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

M. P. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such aleague between my goodman, and he; is your Wife at home indeed.

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Ford. Indeed she is.

Mis. Page. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, hee hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanketwelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination, hee giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her; A man may heare this showreling in the winde, and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuoluted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so seeming *Mistris Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and wilfull *Acleon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry ayme. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me learch, there I shall finde *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather prais'd for this, then mock'd, for it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Master *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Master *Ford*,

Sten. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with *Mistris Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then ile speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *Anne Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Sten. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Page. You haue Master *Slender*, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Master Doctor) is for you altogether.

Caus. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a me: my nursh-a-
Quickly tell me so much.

Hof. What say you to young Master *Fenton*? He capers,
he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, he speaks
holliday,

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holliday, he smells Aprill and May, he will carry't, hee will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, he kept companie with the wilde Prince, & *Pointz*: hee is of too high a Region, hee knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance, if he takes her, let him take her simply, the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way:

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner; besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster; Master Doctor, you shall goe, so shall your Master *Page*, and you *Sir Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer woing at Master *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farwell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him, ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertiâ.

Enter Master Ford. Master Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe.

Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Mis. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M. Page. Quickly quickly; Is the Buck-basket——

Mis. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis. Page. Come, come, come.

Mis. Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M. Page. Giue your men the charge, wee must be brieft, be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders, that done trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whistlers

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sters in *Datchet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mis. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no Begone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?

Mis. Ford. How now my *Eyas* Musket, what newes

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at the backe doore

(*Mist. Ford*, and requests your company.

Mis. Page. You little lack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs.

Rob. I, ile be sworne; my Master knowes not of your being heere; and hath threatned to put mee into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turne me away.

Mis. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mis. Ford. Do so, go tell thy Master, I am alone; *Mistris Page*, remember you your *Qu*.

Mis. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mis. Ford. Go too then; we'll vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough; This is the period of ambition; O this blessed houre.

Mis. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*.

Fal. *Mistris Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Master *Ford*) now shall I sinne in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mis. Ford. I your Lady Sir *John*? Alas, I should be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew mee such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond; Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valliant, or any Tyre of Venetian admittance.

Mistris

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Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*.

My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mist. Ford. Belceue me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee: Ther's something extraordinary in thee. Come I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a manie of these lipping hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I feare you loue *M. Page*.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is a hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. *Mistris Ford*, *Mistris Ford*, heere's *Mistris Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will enconce mee behinde the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Pag. O *mistris Ford* what haue you done? You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *mistris Page*?

M. Page. O weladay, *mist. Ford*, hauing and honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition.

M. Ford. What cause of suspition?

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Mis. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you:
How am I mistooke in you?

Mis. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Mis. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that hee sayes is heere now in the house, by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence, you are vndone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not, so, I hope.

Mist. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you, if you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M. Ford. What shall I doe? There is a Gentleman my deere friend, and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill, I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, you had rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you decei'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee be of any reasonable stature, hee may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet-Meade.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there, what shall I doe?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counsell, ile in.

Mist. Page. What Sir John Falstaffe? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M. Page. Helpe to couer your Master (Boy :) Call your men (Mist. Ford.) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford.

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Mis. Ford. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*; Goe, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Looke how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet meade: quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come neere; if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

Mis. Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke; I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too, it shall appeare. Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, ile tell you my dreame, heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let mee stop this way first: so, now vncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen, You shall see sport anon: Follow me Gentlemen.

Enans. This is fery fantastickall humors and icalousies.

Cains. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France: It is not icalous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search.

Mis. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mis. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Mis. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Mis. Ford. I am halfe affraid hee will haue neede of washing, so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mis. Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

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Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaf*s being heere: for I neuer saw him so grosse in his icalousie till now.

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe*; his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis. Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, *Mistris Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mis. Page. Wee will doe it; let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him; may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

Mis. Page. Heard you that?

Mis. Ford. You vse me well, *M Ford*? Doe you?

Ford. I, I doe so.

M. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Mis. Page. You doe your selfe mighty wrong (*M. Ford*)

Ford. I, I; I must beare it.

Euan. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses; heauen forgieue my sinnes at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be-gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, *M Ford*, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination? I would not haue your distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (*M Page*) I suffer for it.

Euan. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner, come, come, walke in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come *Mist. Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mocke him,

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him; I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing.

Euan. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie.

Cai. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you goe, *M. Page.*

Euan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowlie knaue, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Euan. A lowlie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender,
Quickly, Page, Mist. Page.*

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.

He doth obiekt, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.

Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tels you true.

Fen. No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne.*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stamps in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

Anne. Gentle *M. Fenton.*

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Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris *Quickly*,
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me :

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, Master *Slender* would speake a word with you

Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice .

O what a world of vilde- ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeare ?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming ; to her Coz :

O boy, thou hadst a father,

Slen. I had a father (Mistris *Anne*) my vncke can tel you
good iests of him ; pray you Vncke, tel Mistris *Anne* the iest
how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vncke.

Shal. Mistris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-
cestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the de-
gree of a Squire.

Shal. Hee will make you a handred and fiftie pounds
ioynture.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow* let him woe for him-
selfe.

Shal. Marry I thanke you for it, I thanke you for that
good comfort : she calls you (Coz) ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good Mistris *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie iest in-
deed : I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen :) I am
not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.

Anne.

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Anne. I meane (*M. Sender*) what would you with me?

Slender. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and vncle hath made motions if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things goe, better then I can: you may, your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Master *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne*. Why how now? What does Master *Fenton* here? You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house. I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good Master *Fenton*. come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come *M. Shallow*: Come sonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (*M. Fenton*.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page*.

Fen. Good Mistris *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole?

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qu. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowld to death with Turnips.

Mist Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good Master
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris, farewell *Nan*.

Qu. This is my doing now; Nay, saie I, will you cast
away your childe on a Foole, and a Phylitian:

Looke

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Looke on Master *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines:

Qu. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde heart
he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for
such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Master had *Mistris*
Anne, or I would Master *Slender* had her: or (in sooth) I
would Master *Fenton* had her; I will doe what I can for
them all three, for so I haue promised, and ile be as good as
my word; but speciously for Master *Fenton*. Well, I must of
another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two Mistresses:
what a beast am I to slacke it.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toll in't.
Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of
butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel,
if I be seru'd such another tricke, ile haue my braines
'tane out and butter'd, and giuen them to a dogge for a
New-yeares gift: The rogues slighted mee into the Riuer
with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a-
blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may
know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sink-
ing: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I should downe.
I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and
shallow; a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a
man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I
had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of
Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sacke to the Thames
water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-
bals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar.

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Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue; I cry you mercy?
Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices;
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe; Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my bre-
wage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mis. Ford? I haue had Ford enough; I was thrown
into the Ford, I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault;
she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their
erection. (promise.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yern your
heart to see it; her husband goes this morning a birding;
she desires you once more to come to her, betweene eight
and nine; I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you
amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so; and bidde her thinke
what a man is; Let her consider his frailety, and then iudge
of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Master Broome; he sent me
word to stay within; I like his money well;
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my businesse.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,

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I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly *M. Broome*.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (*M. Broome*) but the peaking *Cornuto* her husband (*M. Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielousie, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after wee had embrast, kist, protested, and (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to search his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mist. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (*Master Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (*Master Broome*) what I haue suffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hiodes, were cald forth by their Mistress, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their shoulders met the ieaious knaue their Master in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare lest the Lunatique Knaue would haue search'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee should bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for

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a search and away went I for foule Cloathes ; But marke the sequell (Master *Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three severall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to bee detected with a icalious rotten Bell-weather: Next to bee compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to bee stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to bee throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horseshoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this.

My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will bee throwne into *Etta*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding, I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting; 'twixt eight, and nine is the houre (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment; Come to mee at your conuenient leasure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall bee crowned with your enjoying her: adiew; you shall haue her (Master *Broome*) Master *Broome*, you shal cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*;

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ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master Ford:) this 'tis to bee married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am; I will now take the Leacher; hee is at my house; hee cannot scape mee; 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, not into a Pepper-Boxe. But lest the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide, yet to bee what I would not, shall not make me tame; If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with mee, ile bee horne-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans:

Mis Page. Is he at M. Fords already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure hee is by this; or will bee presently; but truly hee is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-dainely.

Mis. Page. Ile be with her by and by; ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day. I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole today?

Evans. No, Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. Blessing of his heart.

Mis. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke; I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Evans. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

Mis. Page. Come-on Sir ha; hold vp your head; answeere your Master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui.

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Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Euan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcat, sure.

Euan. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Euan. And what is a Stone (*William*)?

Will. A Peeble.

Euan. No; it is *Lapis*; I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis*.

Euan. That is a good *William*; what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles:

Will. Articles are borrowed of the *Proneune*; and be thus declined: *Singulariter nominatio hic haec, hoc.*

Euan. *Nominatio* *hic, haec, hoc*; pray you marke; *genitio* *huius*; Well: what is your *Accusative-case*?

Will. *Accusatio* *hinc.*

Euan. I pray you haue your remembrance (*childe*) *Accusatio* *hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Euan. Leauce your prables (o'man) What is the *Vocative* case (*William*)?

Will. O, *Vocatio*, O.

Euan. Remember *William*, *Vocative*, is caret:

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Euan. O'man, forbare.

Mis. Page. Peace.

Euan. What is your *Genitive case* plurall (*William*)?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Euan. I.

Will. *Genitive* *horum, harum, eorum*:

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer name her

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her (childe) if she be a whore.

Euans. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euans. O man, art thou Lunatic? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cales, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euans. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go..

M. Page. He is a better scholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page*.

Mis. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh*.

Get you home boy, Come we stay too long. *Exeunt:*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, M. Ford, Mist. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. *Mis. Ford*, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haire's bredth, not onely Mistris *Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *Iohn*.)

Mis. Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*; what hoa.

Mis. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

Mis. Page. How now (sweet heart) whose at home,

besides

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besides your selfe?

Mis. Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No certainly; Speake louder.

Mis. Page. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mis. Ford. Why?

Mis. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankind; so curses all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the forehead; crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere,

Mis. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mis. Page. Of none but him, and sweares hee was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket; Protests to my husband he is now heere, and hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now hee shall see his owne foolerie.

Mis. Ford. How neere is he Mistrs Page?

Mis. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mis. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere:

Mis. Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, and hee's but a dead man. Whata woman are you? Away with him, away with him; Better shame, then murther.

Mis. Ford. Which way should he goe? How should I be-
row him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:

May I not goe out ere he come?

Mis. Page. Alas: three of Master *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal.

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Fal. What shall I doe? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mis. Ford. There they alwayes vse to discharge their Birding-peece: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mis. Ford. Hee will seeke there on my word; Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but hee hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note; There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile goe out then:

Mis. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mis. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mis. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he Might put on a hat, a muffler, and kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, diuise something; any extremitie, rather then a mischief.

Mis. Ford. My Maids' Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Mis. Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is; and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Mis. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *Iohn*: *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mis. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you straight; put on the gowne the while.

Mis. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; hee sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatened to beate her.

Mis. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell; and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mis. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mis. Page. I in good sadnesse is hee, and talkes of the basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mis.

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Mis. Ford. Wee'l try that: for ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let goe dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, we cannot misuse enough:

We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doe,

Wines may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not acte that often, jest, and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draught.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if he bid you see it downe, obey him; quickly, dispatch.

I Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

I Ser. I hope not, I had liefc as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*Master Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole mee againe. Set downe the basket villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:

Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,

a conspiracie against mee. Now shall the diuel be sham'd.

What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what honest cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes *Master Ford*, you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shal. Indeed *Master Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither *Mistris Ford*, *Mistris Ford*, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the zealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (*Mistris*) do I?

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Mist. Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazen-face, hold it out : Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Euan. 'Tis vnreasonable ; will you take vp your wiues cloathes ? Come, away.

Ford. Empry the basket I say.

Mis. Ford. Why man, why ?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my house yesterday in this basket : why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure hee is ; my Intelligence is true, my icalousie is reasonable, plucke mee out all the linnen.

Mist. Ford. ! If you find a man there, hee shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Master *Ford* : This wrongs you.

Euans. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart : this is icalousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time : if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity ; Let me for euer be your Table-sport ; Let them say of me, as icalous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

Mist. Ford. What hoa (*Mistris Page*,) come you and the old woman downe ; my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman ? what old womans that ?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford

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Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Hauē I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands, do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune telling, She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mis. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Mis. Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. He *prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Hagge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: lie coniure you, ile fortune-tell you.

Mis. Page. Are you not asham'd? I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mis. Ford. Nay hee will do it, 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Euan. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch in-deede: I like not when a o'mans has a great pearde; I spie a great pearde vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my ieaousie. If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further; Come Gentlemen.

Mis. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mis. Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not; he beate him most vn-pittifully, me thought.

Mis. Page. He haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mis. Ford. What thinke you? May wee with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge?

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Mist. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with find & recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Mist. Ford. Shall wee tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him?

Mist. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will bee still the ministers.

Mist. Ford. He warrant, they'll haue him publickely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to iest, should he not be publickely sham'd.

Mist. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let me speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir, I'll call him to you.

Host. They shall haue my horses, but I'll make them pay: I'll saue them, they haue had my houses a weeke at command. I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, I'll saue them, come.

Exeunt.

Scena

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Scena Quartæ

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'mans as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mist. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth doe what thou wilt: I rather will suspect the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand (In him that was of late an Heretike) As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more: Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence, But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport) Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Evans. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuer: and has bin greuously peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there should be terror in him, that hee should not come: Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd, hee shall haue no desires,

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him when he comes, And let vs two deuise to bring him thither.

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,

The merry Wines of Windsor.

Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd hornes,
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a most hideous and dredfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this *Hernes* Oake:
But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry this is our deuise,
That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mis. Page. That likewise haue we thoght vpon and thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'll dresse
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads
And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,
As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed *Fairies* pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their *Tapers*.

Mis. Page. The truth being knowne.
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,
And

The merry Wives of Windsor.

And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

Euan. I will teach the children their behaiours & I will :
be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, to burne the Knight with my
Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Mis. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the Fairies,
finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall *M. Slender* steale my *Nan* away,

And marry her at *Eaton* : go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay. Ile to him againe in the name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose : sure hee'l come.

Mis. Page. Feare not you that, Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.

Mis. Page. Go *Mis. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde ;
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*;
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Idiot,
And he, my husband best of all affects ;
The Doctor is well monied, and friends
Potent at Court ; he, none but he shall haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans,
Cain, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou haue ? (Boore) what ? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, discusse; breese, short, quicke, nap.

Simple.

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Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *John Falstaffe* from Master *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle his standing-bed and truckle-bed : 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: goe, knocke and call: hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee, Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber; ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come down I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd; Ile call Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *John*; speake from thy Lungs Military; Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine Ephesian calls.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her descend (Bully) let her descend; my Chambers are honourable; Fic, privacy? Fic.

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of Brainford?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine or no:

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cezon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her too, from him.

Fal.

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Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Host. I; come, quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris Anne Page, to know if it were my Master fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune:

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Simple May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Simp. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings.

Host. Thou are clearkly; thou art clearkly (Sir John) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw mee off, from behinde one of them, in a slough of myre, and set spurres, and away; like three *Germano*-diuels; three *Doctor Faustus* staffes.

Host. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

Euan. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the *Hosts* of *Reading*,

The merry VVives of W inamor.

of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Host de larteere*?

Host. Here (Matter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell wat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de lamanie*: by my trots; der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come; I tell you for good will; adieu.

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might bee cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come to the eare, of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with mee: I warrant they would whip mee with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare I neur prosper'd since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent; Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall bee both bestowed; I haue suffer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainbow.

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bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineſord*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit; my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliver'd mee, the knave Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerve heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chambers

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to me, my minde is heavy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe, And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection, (So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer) Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter, That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted Without the ſhew of both: ſay *Falſtaffe* Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt. Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*;) To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,

The merry VVines of Windsor.

Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Fairie Queene* ;
The purpose why, is here : in which disguise
While other lests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry ; She hath consented . Now *Str.*
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deamy*, where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her : to this her Mothers plot
She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the *Doctor* ; Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white ;
And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe.
She shall go with him ; her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor* ;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds pendant, flaring 'bout her head ;
And when the *Doctor* spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.
Host. Which meanes she to deceiue ? Father, or Mo-
ther.

Fen. Both (my good *Host*) to go along with me :
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the *Vicar*
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your deuice ; Ile to the *Vicar*,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a *Priest*.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee ;
Besides, ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt
Actus

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Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating; goe, ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head and mince. How now Master *Broome*? Master *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master *Broome*) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford her husband) hath the finest mad diuell of icalousie in him (Master *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliath with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, ile tell you all (Master *Broome*:) since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me, ile tell you strange things of this knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (Master *Broome*) follow.

Exeunt:

The merry Wines of Windsor.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till wee see the light of our Fairies. Remember sonne Slender, my

Slender. I forsoothe, I haue spoke with her, and wee haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a' clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven prosper our sport. No man meanes euill but the deuill, and we shall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly; goe before into the Parke; we two must goe together.

Caius. I know wat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter; But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Mist. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troope of Fairies?

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ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mis. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mis. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mis. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mis. Ford. The houre drawes-on; to the Oake, to the Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib Fairies; Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-ords, do as I pid you; Come, come trib, trib.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Evans,

Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,

Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist mee; Remember Ioue, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast. You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion

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plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men doe? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame mee to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeues, haile-kissing Comfit, and snow Eringoes; Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.

Mis. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me (sweet heart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my side to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husband. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Horne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noise?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd, Lest the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire; He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night,
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier

The merry Wines of Windsor.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names : Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windfore-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st varak'd, and hearths vnswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke, and couch : No man their workes musteie.

Euan. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you finde a maid
That ere she sleepe hath thrice her prayers said,
Raile vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Qu. About, about :

Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out:
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iyce of Balme, and euery precious flower,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring,
Th'expressure that it beares : Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see ;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew; and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie:
Away, disperse : But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of *Hercule* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

K

Enens

The merry Wives of Windsor.

En. Pray you locke hand in hand: your selues in order set.
And twenty glo-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Lest he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pistoll. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy
birth.

Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend,
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Enam. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh:

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie!
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vncaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher:
Pinch him (Fairies) mutuall: Pinch him for his villanie!
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay doe not flye, I thinke wee haue watcht you
now; Will none but *Hermes* the Hunter serue your
turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iell no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windsor* wiues?
See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Maltre

The merry Wines of Windsor.

Master *Broome*, *Falstaffes* a Knaue, a Guckoldy knaue,
Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*;

And Master *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but
his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money,
which must be paid to Master *Broome*, his horses are ar-
rested for it, Master *Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, wee haue had ill lucke: wee could
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but
I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I doe begin to perceiue that I am made an Ass.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too; both the proofes are ex-
tant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies;
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine
surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the soppe-
ry into a receiue'd beleefe, in despite of the teeth of all
rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit
may bee made a lacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill employ-
ment.

Enant. Sir *John Falstaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your desires,
and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*:

Enant. And leaue you your iealousies too, I pray
you.

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art
able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it
wants matter to prenent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am
I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shall I haue a Cox-
combe of Frize? Tis time I were cheak'd with a peece of
roasted Cheese.

Enant. Seefe is not good to giue putter, your belly is all
putter.

Fal. Seefe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the
taunt of one, that makes Fritters of English? This is e-

The merry VVines of Windsor.

nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme.

Mis. Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, doe you thinke though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mis. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it selfe is plummet ore me, vlc mee as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one Master *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Master *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mis. Ford. Doctors doubt that; If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Caine* wife.

Slender. Whoa hoc, hoe, Father *Page*,

Page. Sonne? How now Sonne.

Haue you dispatch'd?

Slender.

The merry Wines of Windsor.

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in 'Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not beene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong!

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I thinke so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girl: If I had beene married to him, for all hee was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly, Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter, By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

M. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter in white, and indeede shee is now with the Doctor at the Denerie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garfoon, a boy; oon pefant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

Mis. Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Master *Fenton*.
How now Master *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris;

How chance you went not with Master *Slender*?

K 3

M. Page,

The merry Wives of Windsor.

Mis. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it.
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs;
Th'offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand to
strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedie? *Fenton*, heaven giue thee ioy,
what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Decree are chac'd.

Mis. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Master *Fenton*,
Heaven giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countie fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so. (*Sir John:*)
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistress *Ford*.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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